THE PEACEABLE GRIZZLY

A TRAPPER TALKS OF AMERICA'S GREATEST WILD ANIMAL.

Timely Advice to Eastern Hunters Who Wish to Try a Shot at the Monarch of the Western Plains.

San Bernardino (Cal.) Letter in New York

"The most absurd thing that Eastern people believe they know about grizzly bears," said Capt. Harvey Deddam, the most famous veteran trapper and hunter in California nowadays, "is that they are the most feroclous beasts on foot in America. The fact is that a grizzly is about the most peaceable of critters. I have killed over 200 of them, and thousands of smaller wild game, in my forty years in the Sierras. Now, a grizzly never picks a quarrel and never attacks anybody except when it is wounded, and I have even known a grizzly smarting with a rifle ball to get up and run away. However, when a wounded grizzly charges straight at its foe, it is generally a most terrifying thing in furs and claws. Imagine, if you can, the sensations which a lone hunter has when he is charged upon by a half-ton beast that comes bounding straight at him, with swaying head and open mouth, uttering a deep roar at every bound. Consider how the hunter feels when he knows that a ball must instantly be planted in a very vital spot in the bear's anatomy if he would save himself from fall and a fresh track, however, there is being torn into shreds by the infuriated

"There are very few grizzly bears in southern California. I have not seen one In this region for a dozen years, but, taken as a whole, there are about as many black and grizzly bears among the Sierras and Coast Range mountains as there were twenty-five years ago. The beasts have retired further back among the canyons and up on the mountain sides. It seems like a foolish statement, but the clearing of timber from during a fight, if it is a good one." the mountains has helped the increase of the bruin tribe. When the timber was thick for food, and had to depend to a great degree on roots and bark and on the rather sheepfolds of the scattered ranches afforded them. The clearing of the woods has been followed by the appearance of all kinds of berry bushes, the fruit of which forms the favorite food of the bears. At the same time the cutting of the timber has not disrals, in the confines of which the bears find safe places for breeding. The rocky ledges, with their ravines and caverns, still remain almost unvisited by man, and there the shaggy critters find winter lairs as secure and comfortable as when the forest grew above them.

SIZE OF THE GRIZZLY. "How big are grizzly bears? The size varies according to the length of the sumlocality in which they are found. I believe the largest grizzlies are those in California, where long hibernation is not necessary, and where there is good bear food any month the year round. Now, the Rocky mountain grizzlies in Montana and Idaho are generally 200 and 300 pounds lighter than their California cousins. The Montana and Idaho grizzlies hibernate at least in the spring they have to rustle over hundreds of square miles for food amid the melting snows. So they soon become skin and bones. It is a heavy setback every year for the beasts, especially the cubs. Now, the California and Arizona grizzlies don't have such climatic conditions to The average weight of a full-grown California grizzly is 900 pounds. I have killed a few that went even to 1,200 pounds. have read stories of 1,600-pound grizzlies, but there are no such beasts. When you consider that an ordinary milch cow weighs 700 pounds, you see that 900 pounds of bear, when that bear is maddened, roaring and face, because a grizzly, for all his clumsy appearance, is as quick as a cat and is the most powerful of American wild animals.

"How do we bear hunters know where to go to find our game? There are many ways of knowing likely assembly localities for the beasts. In early summer bears live in muddy places at the head of the canyon streams and about the streams that dry up live in the damp spots, and early in the summer, if they are about, the soft black mud along the edge of these places will be broken up as if a herd of cows had been walking through it. At intervals the mud hollowed out in places eight or ten feet long, two or three wide and as many deep. These are wallow holes made by bears. In these holes the animals wallow and lie and sleep. Some hunters watch these holes and shoot the bears when they of year their flesh is poor and their fur valueless such killing of bears is senseless and unprofitable. In looking for bear signs trees around the damp places to find if any bear has been measuring himself. Bears have a habit of getting up on their fore paws and tearing the bark off as high as can reach. Some old nunters believe that in doing this the bears are measuring their height to see if they have grown during the winter.

ADVICE FOR HUNTERS.

"My advice to the hunter who wants to add the pelt of a great American monarch of wild beasts to his collection of sportsmanlike trophies, is to seek his game in the early summer months. On the Pacific coast a grizzly's skin is the best in June. In Rocky mountain regions it is best a month later. In the autumn, even up to the time they retire for winter, their fur is not prime, and again, having become rolling fat by gorging themselves on berries, they move about very little, and that mostly at night, so that a hunter might be in a good locality for them for weeks and never see more of them than their tracks. But in the spring, the minute a bear leaves his winter quarters he begins a ceaseless tramp for food. Then the wise hunter will procure three or four old crippled horses and kill them in some favorite places along the foothills, where bruin is likely to travel. If one has three baits, they should be placed about five miles apart, and camp made within a mile or two of the middle one. Early in the morning, and again at evening, the nearest bait can be visited afoot, and the other baits can be watched on alternate days, a ten-mile horseback ride being just good exercise for the very weakest tenderfoot. Great care should be taken in placing the horse-baits. If possible, find a small hill entirely bare of timber or brush, which slopes steeply down to the west, at the foot of which is some heavy pine timber and brush, also water. Kill the horse so that he will lie about fifty yards below the brow of the hill, and, if you wish, cut three or four stunted pines and stick them side by side on the brow of the hill so that they will afford a good screen when approaching the bait, or when sitting and watching for the bear to appear. As on this east slope of the Sierras the wind is always blowing from the west, and as the bear, once having found the bait, will put in his time between gorges lying in the thick timber at the foot of the hill, there will be no danger of his getting wind of the hunter and lighting out for parts unknown. Having once found the bait a grizzly will go to it four or five times a day, and eat until he can hold no more, and when not eating he will lie in the nearest thick timber to it.

BEARS AS FIGHTERS. "It doesn't take a grizzy long to eat up a horse. Several years ago a guide went on a spring bear hunt with a New York sportsman. They killed a horse for bait on the side of a hill as just described, and going to it the next morning found that twothirds of it had been eaten during the night. They sat behind the screen of pines to watch, and in less than an hour three fine grizzlies came out from the pines and sauntered up the hill to the bait. The first shot the hunter fired took one of them in the brain and he sank down without a kick while the others sat upon their haunches and gazed stupidly around. The next shot orained another one, and the remaining silk.

one, and the largest of them all, started to un. But a ball through the heart keeled the over, and so in less than a minute they sandpaper to each ankle.

had three fine grizzlies, all of good size and wearing thick coats of prime fur. "Dogs are the natural enemies of bears, but few experienced dogs are foolish enough to go beyond the opening of a cave where a bear has been scented or to pitch into a bear that has turned. A full-grown bear with its dander up can ward off whole pack of the most savage dogs. A fair blow from the bear's paw will kill or stun any dog. At sight of a man a bear will make every effort to get away as a rule. A bear rarely fights a man unless forced to it. A she bear with cubs, when followed closely, will keep her cubs ahead of her and bring up the rear to protect them. If she is pushed closely she will try to frighten off her pursuer by making a great show of fight. She growls, shows her teeth, tears the bark from trees and scatters it about with much fuss and noise and makes herself generally as obstreperous as possible. If the enemy presses and there is no help for it, the mother bear

left in her. The cubs meanwhile huddle together a short distance off and whine. "A bear chase is often a long and tiresome piece of work, for when a bear finds that it is tracked it picks out the most tangled paths. It often leads the hunter twenty miles over mountains and through valleys, where the brush and briars are harassing, and the swamps almost inaccessible to man, although the bear shuffles along with his clumsy gait as rapidly as if on the best of roads. I once followed a bear thirty miles in a day and a moonlight night. I never knew such a cute beast as she was. She would hide behind rocks and bowlders as well as any boy seeking escape, and run as fast when she had a chance to fire at her. At last she got away by dodging into some bowlders, when I was too tired to follow her longer.

fights as long as she has a spark of life

"A bear hunter's outfit is simple. good up-to-date rifle, heavy boots, thick trousers, a light hunting ax in a belt, a pistol and a long-bladed knife for emergencies. If a hunter is anxious to be put on his mettle while on the hunt, let him give the bear a scent of him. Then the bear will take a course which will require nerve, wind and a tough skin to follow. When the snow is deep a bear chase is generally slow and tedious. With a light no sport so exciting, and even an amateur hunter will find himself going miles on a good stiff trot. It is no hard matter to kill a bear if the dogs understand their business after the bear is brought to bay for it will give all its attention to the dogs that are yelping around it, while the hunter stands off and fills him with lead. But there are times when a bear will brace himself for a fight from the word 'go, and then if the hunter does not kill at the first fire he is apt to have about as lively a time as he ever dreamed of. No story of a bear fight that was ever told can be much ahead of the incidents that occur

TO REGULATE THE TRUSTS.

Have a State Superintendent, Says a New York Lawyer.

Samuel M. Gardenhire, a prominent Wall street lawyer and promoter, has a plan for the regulation of trusts which possesses the merit of originality and which sounds simple, practical and efficient. He would have all trusts and corporations watched and controlled by the state superintendent of 'nsurance. Here is Mr. Gardenhire's

"Irrespective of the technical meaning of the word 'trust,' it is now applied to designate a large and powerful corporation; one with capital enough to buy up competitors and incorporate them in one ownership; persons or corporations which, by contract of 'trust agreement' were associated toother unlawful purpose. This was easily met by the Sherman law, and other enactments, and the 'big corporation,' which could legally reach the same result, was substituted. Hence the Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel Corporation are called trusts, but technically they are not more so than the Singer Sewing Machine Company or the New York Life Insurance Company. It is because they are at present lawful corporations and withal, rich and powerful corporations that the people have come to fear them and find it difficult to know how to restrain them, or, in the language of the President, to 'curb' them. To state it a little differently, persons who regard them as dangerous can find no method for legally assaulting them.

the business world holds them is so high, that it has been easy for men to abuse them, and by means of corporate machinery to abuse society. They are not to be abolished, but restrained.

"With a view to stop the monopolistic and illegal practices of the corporations a superintendent of corporations provided for by statute; he could be given power to business in the State, and maintain this be required to secure a license from him before they should attempt to do business in the State; if, in his opinion, any corporation were doing business illegally, or oppressively dealing with the people, he could revoke the license and put its business in the hands of a receiver and refer the matter to the courts if it were alleged that he was acting improperly. He would be instructed to resolve all doubts in favor of the people and if he had the power to wind up the business of a company found to be violating the law, it would speedily settle the question of illegal practices on the part of corporations.

ment we should have much to fear from corporations in the future? It is not probable that corporations would have much more to fear from the official possessing of corruption, but such practices would be hard to conceal, and the public press would speedily detect laxity in the administration of such a department.

"Nor is it probable that injustice would be done corporations acting within the law. Insurance companies have now little to complain of, and they are certainly in no danger of oppressing the people. "It is obvious that the country designs settling this question. The object lesson at Washington when the coal trust met the President made an epoch from which oppressive monopolistic corporations may date the beginning of their end. It is not wise to tax public sentiment too far, and the disposition, already set and not to be relinquished, to end monopolies in articles of necessity may extend dangerously near the ultimate of government ownership.

Time for "Co-Eds" to Act.

Minneapolis Journal. Isn't it about time for the "co-eds" to assert their self-respect and quit insisting upon the doubtful advantages of going to school with the boys, and demand the same educational facilities for themselves in separate institutions that are furnished to the young men? The American girl is generally supposed to be endowed with considerable spirit, and the wonder is that she doesn't display it more in this matter of coeducation when the authorities of the schools-generally men-and the boy students, too, seem so anxious for her to flock



A GREAT SCHEME Snake Editor-The beauty editor is sick and here's a lady that wants to know how

NEW YORK'S FIRE CHIEF



Edward Croker, fire chief of New York city and also head of the International Association of Fire Chiefs, is charged with various offenses and is now under investigation. He was removed from his position, but a court ordered his reinstatement.

LUNCH WITH THE PRESIDENT.

English Author Enjoys that Pleasure and Writes About It.

Frank T. Ballen, in M. A. P. While quietly seated at luncheon in the Parker House, New Bedford, Mass., one Tuesday, a telegram was handed to me. Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, L. I." Here was a golden opportunity to meet the first citizen of the great Republic under the most favorable conditions-to study the man who shares with the German Kaiser the reputation of being the most forceful and versatile ruler in the world.

I caught the Fall River steamer Priscilla Wednesday afternoon for New York, and for the second time stood dumb with admiration at her magnificence. O brothers of the lonely and neglected Thames, in the passenger sense you may well be envious! For here is a fleet of steamers plying on inland, or practically inland, waters-not at all to be compared with the great lakes of America-that may triumphantly chalproceed at twenty-two miles an hour on reminds one of Frascati's, whose dining room is 200 feet long and fifty feet wide ablaze with electric light from gorgeous electrollers, resplendent with huge mirrors, choice paintings, beautiful statuary; through loveliest scenery, and only a stone's throw from the shore, is an experience never to be forgotten. It is water travel de luxe in the fullest sense. That trip from Fall River needs writing up, and some day I'll try to do it. Then I should manently, for American transportation n season, and never fail to reward it lavishly. Five cents' worth of electric traction brought me to the Long Island Railroad ferry, and punctually on schedule time l arrived at Oyster Bay, where for 75 cents a hackman tooled me over the five miles to the President's summer residence at Saga-

ow, such as a man in this country with £3,000 a year might well afford to maintain for a summer retreat, furnished quite simply and comfortably, but magnificently decorated with the President's hunting trophies. The situation was lovely, the eminence on which the house was built commanding splendid views over land and sea. But the Spartan simplicity of it-no lodge gates with stern janitors or uniformed gentries. Just drive straight from the highway up to the veranda. A fine looking man dressed like a respectable mechanic on Sunday, but with a slouch hat a la cowboy, came forward from a chair and politely inquired my business. For answer I handed him my card and the President's telegram. Glancing over them he said, "Thank you; please enter," at the ing me to the President's secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, who was standing in the hall. The latter welcomed me in most genial fashion, and, informing me that the President had not yet returned from his ride,

President, Mrs. Roosevelt and their sons one minute, without any formalities whatever, we were all gayly chattering like old friends. Colonel Roosevelt is an ideal model of burly British farming squire of the old school in appearance, vivacity and a manner of speaking which impresses you as being tremendously in ever encumber speech like that. He seems of truth, exposing incidentally a set of the finest teeth, which do not gleam with gold, as 999 per cent. of American teeth do. We went into lunch quite as informally as we met, the President selecting our seats for us, placing me on his right hand and Mr. W. C. Whitney on his left. I was much gratified to find all the children there. Luncheon consisted of a cup of bouillon, some lamb chops, with new peas and potatoes, and watermelon for dessert. Some of the guests took one glass of sherry, the President finishing his luncheon up with a huge cup of tea. We were waited on by two smart parlormaids, and it was not only the best, but the brightest, folliest meal I had in America. For the President would be the life and soul of any party. His vitality is so amazing, his fun so contagious, his earnestness so convincing, and, to crown all, that almost divine quality we all recognize so well but find such difficulty in defining, gentlemanliness, is so conspicuous in him, blending his other qualities so perfectly, that no meeting that included him could possibly be

can say nothing, after the good English fashion, except that the President paid several times the highest tribute to the quality of our newspapers, comparing them to several well-known American journals, much to the latter's disadvan-

Luncheon over, each guest was offered a huge cigar, but only two accepted, most of the gentlemen present, including the President, being nonsmokers. Then each visitor was taken aside separately for a few minutes' earnest conversation. Me he left for the last, saying with a winning smile that he always took business before pleasure, and inquiring if he could be of any service to me. Happily I needed nothing but what I was then enjoying, the honor and privilege of meeting such a man, and with warm handshakes the party broke up. I accepted a seat in Mr. Carroll, of Carrallton's, motor car, and as we whirled past the front of the house, I saw the last of President Roosevelt's bright face as he looked up from a mass of papapers and waved good-bye. For, being really the hardest-worked man in the country, he had plunged into official business immediately upon our leaving him. His 'holiday" is a myth, an abuse of the term.

Davy Crockett's Rifle.

Memphis Commercial Appeal. One of the most interesting relics on exabition in the office of Secretary of State Crockett is the rifle which was presented by admiring friends to his great-grandfather, the immortal Davy Crockett, hero of the Alamo, and author of the equally immortal phrase: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." This gun was carried by the grandson of the first owner, the late Gen. "Bob" Crockett, who brought down much game with it, but now it has the only thing about the book which the been retired with honor and full pay to pass the remainder of its days, or centuries, as the relic of one of the greatest to make her skirt rustle without buying It is a formidable-looking weapon, originalof the flintlock type, with a 40 caliber bore. The barrel was originally 46 inches

to David Crockett soon after his second election to Congress in 1829, by some of his admiring young Whig friends of Philadelphia. It cost \$250 and was made especially for him. The donors raised the by contributing half a dollar each to the fund. The stock is trimmed in sterling silver, appropriately designed with figures of the Goddess of Liberty, a raccoon, a deer's head and other figures. Along the upper part of the barrel are the letters, set into the metal in gold, some of which has | "Judge Law passed me, and Bob Hudson

A MODERN LOG CABIN.

Quite a Different Structure from that

Nearly twenty ago Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, of Detroit, erected not for from that city a commodious log cabin. As is well known, Mr. Palmer served with credit from 1883 to 1889 a term in the United States and the late Senator James McMillan, who died recently, was his successor. Palmer acquired a fortune in the lumber business and in his younger days was a noted woodsman in the Northwest. No coamed the wilds and delighted in chopping down trees with his own hands. After becoming prominent in the business, social and political affairs of his native State his interests required him to remain rather

Some distance beyond the limits of that nunicipality was a tract of land of over 700 acres. A veritable "forest primeval" covered fully 500 acres. It caught Mr. Palmer's eye, and he purchased the tract. He built a log cabin thereon, and there is an artificial lake in front of it. It is perhaps the finest and most unique structure of the kind ever put up by an American millionaire. From a distance on might suppose the cabin to be a rude habitation, and but for its greater dimensions pretty much on the order of the cabins in and Jefferson Davis were born during the early part of the last century. The imagination might even go farther and picture it as a reproduction of the hospitable cabin of the eloquent and famous Indian chief, Logan, on the banks of the Ohio river in William Penn's time. A close inspection however, will reveal that the material used n construction is the best obtainable, and the work of putting together, exceptional. It was not a mere fad on Mr. Palmer's objects in view. He believed it would be a place for needed exercise, and that by slipping away from the cares of business in Deevery now and then, it would in all probability add twenty years to his life. In this he was not mistaken, for the exsenator is hale and hearty at seventy-two, with the prospect of living many years yet. He and Mrs. Palmer spend a portion of the season at Larchmont, N. Y., where they also have a handsome residence and

The interior finish of Mr. Palmer's cabin s strikingly attractive. The choicest hard woods are used for the flooring, mantels doors, stairways, closets, etc. And as far as possible a primitive idea of construcrafters, mantels and fireplaces. On the places-one at either end of the building. Piled up high with crackling logs on frosty or cold winter's night they afford warmth and good cheer in abundance. Rag carpets cover the floors, but not of the ordinary sort. In texture and design they will rank with average carpets in well-appointed city residences. For decorative purposes Mr. Palmer has wonderful collection of Indian relics, such as blankets, buffalo robes, mountain lion rows, trinkets, etc. There are mounted buffalo heads and elk and deer antlers. Ears of corn in the husk and without the husk, red peppers and gourds are suspended from the rafters of the rooms of the lower floor. Of course the andirons, the tongs and the shovels are of ancient design, and there are old guns, pistols, knives, swords and trumpets. In one of the rooms is the little chair

which juvenile "Tommy" Palmer used to sit. A spinning wheel in the same room belonged to his grandmother in Connecticut, Mr. Palmer's parents having removed from the Nutmeg State to Michigan. The churn near the fireplace was also the prop erty of his grandmother. Much of the cabin's furniture is of mahogany and rose wood that has been in the Palmer family for 140 years or more. A highly valued piece is a secretary, or desk, minus locks and keys, secret combinations having to be worked for fastening and opening the numerous drawers. A collection of clocks adds to the famous

cabin's attractions. Quite a number were some are as odd as they are valuable. President Benjamin Harrison, who served with Mr. Palmer in the Senate, where they became warm friends, appointed him minister to Spain in 1889 and he accepted. Shortly after graduating from the Michigan University in company with a young companion he went to Europe and practically toured Spain on foot. While minister at Madrid he secured most of the clocks in the collection. Mr. Palmer tired of his post there, and in 1890 resigned; and on returning home was elected president of the Columbian Exposition held at Chi-

cago in 1893. On his cleared land Mr. Palmer for some years operated an extensive stock farm. raising Percheron horses and Jersey cattle His herd of Jerseys was one of the finest in the world. He has often jocularly remarked to his friends visiting the log cabin that he was engaged in fancy farming. "By fancy farming I mean." he would explain, "you think you are making money but at the end of the year you are thousands of dollars out. Butter ought to be appreciated here. Its production costs not less than \$15 a pound."

An Historian of Thirteen.

New York Commercial. A Hartford boy only thirteen years old has written the first volume of a "History of the United States" that he plans to complete in three volumes. He is Carleton S. Way, a son of Charles S. Way, of Hartford, and a grandson of Orrin M. Shepard, of New York, superintendent of the New York division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. Although the historian has reached the age of thirteen, most of the work was written while he was only twelve. The book contains 155 closely typewritten pages and is illustrated with

and, besides this, he drew the maps for the book, which are colored crayons. The book is bound in brown cloth, the binding being author did not make himself. The book is not by any means a mere copy or repro-duction of one or two authorities. There are evidences of originality both in expression and manner of treatment that are, to say the least, unusual in a writer of thir-

long, but some of it has been cut off, and This volume gives a brief account of the stitution so far as concerns us. The mixed Prisoner—Geo it is now only 1014 inches. It was presented physical characteristics of the continent, resort is no longer fashionable because un- young giv mel

describes the mound builders and Indians, and then relates the incidents connected with the discovery of the country by the Norsemen and others. Something is given of the history of each of the thirteen colonies, and the closing chapter deals with the events leading up to the revolutionary

COL. DICK THOMPSON.

Interesting Recollections of the Di tinguished Hoosier.

Washington Star. "As it closely relates to Washington and many memorable persons and personages in the history of the national capital, it may be permissible in the reminiscences of an old Washingtonian's life to revert to the then wild and woolly West, where were made and still are made congressmen and Presidents," said an old-timer to a reporter of the Evening Star.

"In 1849-50 I had just returned to America; dropped anchor at Alexandria, Va.; visited my family in my native city, and immediately flitted off to Terre Haute, Ind. An old friend of my father's (they were both old-line Whigs) was Richard W. Thompson, since well and widely known as a war horse of the Republican party, a native of Virginia, long a member of the United States House of Representatives and later secretary of the navy in Hayes's Cabinet.

"Dick Thompson was a genial man abroad, full of personal magnetism. He won golden opinions from all sorts of persons, much like James G. Blaine, Sam Randall or Tom Corwin. A finer specimen of manhood has been seldom given for a model. I lived with the family for many years and our affection was mutual.

in Courthouse square, diagonally opposite his law offices, where I settled down for Kent and the statutes. 'Dick' and his junior partner, each in his turn representme in hand as leisure or inclination or friendly interest prompted, and cross-examined me to their hearts' content as to what I had or had not learned.

Reading it somewhat startled and mightily worn out: "Presented by the young men and several other aspirants, and we were of Philadelphia to the Hon. David Crockett, met by sundry and other members of the pheasant and hits one of his fellow-sportspleased me, for it ran: "Come out on of Tennessee." In similar letters near the bar. We adjourned to the more potent bar men. They have even been known to shoot in advance. It was suggestive of an elope-Dutch saloon across the street, where congratulations. Thus I was made a mem-

House, a block below Courthouse square, and had scarcely sunk into a doze when I was aroused by a delegation. They had taken the house, and it was manifest they wanted me. What was the good of a protest? They came up, and I, of course, went down in their custody. "Where we went, what we did, what we

did not, 'deponent sayeth not.' The ringleader of all this crowd was a raw boned, slender youth, about twenty-five or twentysix years old; clean shaven and shorthaired; slim as a lath and nimble as a greyhound. His name was Charley Dewey. Mathematicians could never reduce him to their exact science. He had no common denominator. He, came to Terre Haute; he increased in radiance up to his zenith and | together are worth the price that has just jostled other orbits and disappeared as meteorically as he had come. I always much more than liked Charley Dewey. should be sad to hear any tale of sorrow of him. I should be delighted to meet him again in this life.

"In Indiana I met and became acquainted 'Tom' Hendricks, Schuyler Colfax, John P. Usher, secretary of the interior, and many other men who have taken their Booth at the time of his untimely death was about to become the third Vice President of the United States from Indiana. Booth went to California, became the attorney of the railroad interests of the State, was soon elected and re-elected Gov-Then he came to Washington as United States senator. advised me to call upon him, and I did. I and he gave me a cordial welcome. "After parting with Booth I never saw the dear fellow again. He was scarcely over forty years old. He told me he contemplated marriage soon. He died in the

heyday of life and the budding of his useup my home at the Brown House. There in a happy mood and was relating to the crowd a number of funny stories and interesting incidents in his usual irresistible campaign style. He knew his audience and it adored him. As a raconteur I have known only one man to rival him, and that was Tom Corwin, whom I met for the first time in Terre Haute. I met him often and knew him intimately afterward in Washington. I was with him at the Ohio

State agency thirty minutes before his sudien, and, to the country, calamitous death. 'Dick' Thompson related his stories to the intense and uproarious delight of his auditors, and before he went away shook nands fervently with me and invited me to his home. I soon called and was introluced by Mr. Thompson to his household. Mrs. Thompson was a charming woman. eldest child, a daughter, was named Harriet, after her mother. She was about hirteen years old and a head or two taller than her mother. Then there was 'Dick, jr., and between him and Katle came Fred "While I was pursuing the study of the aw Colonel Thompson bought a piece of ground toward the woods, in the west of the own, and built himself a house, at which I was a frequent visitor. When I was installed into my apprenticeship by Colonel Thompson I was introduced to his partner. onel Thompson as representative in Congress from the Sixth district.

"Harvey Scott at first sight struck me as too imaginative. Never was there a more able representative of any district of any State in the Union. I wonder if he is alive. The programme was that, in the order of succession, I was to follow in the representation of the Sixth district. Scott became tired of it, and his law practice required all his time and attention. I had been around with Thompson, and had been made acquainted with all of his constituents. Just then fate stepped in and kicked the full milk pail over.

"I had left behind me in Washington little maid, and we had agreed we could not live without each other. I left Terre Haute, went back to our dear city, married her, and together we returned to Indiana. We took up our residence in Sibleytown. There our first child was born, 'Indiana. After a few years we returned to Washing-She would never consent to go back to Indiana. We have been in Washington ever since. And so vanished all my pros pects of advancement and ambition. We celebrated our golden wedding last year. and I am more than consoled with the thought that I yet have her by my side. What are all the triumphs of life compared with domestic happiness? "I must defer until later some very interesting reminiscences concerning Vice Presidents Hendricks and Colfax, Secretaries

Corwin, Thompson and Usher, Representatives Harvey D. Scott, William K. Edwards and others whom I knew well in Hoosierdom. "The death of little Katie Thompson was

sad. Colonel Thompson was at the time a representative in Congress from the Sixth district and had taken a residence near the corner of E and Tenth streets northwest.

"CURES" FOR THE FOUR HUNDRED.

French Lick as Their Carlsbad. The Onlooker (New York.)

If Balzac speak truth, "we spend the sec-

ond half of our life in mowing down in our

hearts all that we grew there in the first

half, and this we call acquiring experi-ence." Society devotes three months of the year to undoing the effects of too much eating, too much drinking and too little rest indulged in for the remaining nine. Such cures as are prescribed to neutralize these social ills must be pleasant to be popular. No treatment heroic is acceptable to people who expect money to buy immunity arguments Virginia Hot Springs is in pres-

ent vogue. From the amount of dancing dining and general frivolity that each day brings forth one might not gauge the springs as a health resort. Yet such is the excuse for its existence. A bath in the early morning and the day is free to pleasure and to a reaccumulation of that embor point which the fair sufferers rose at dawn to dissipate. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and the to dissipate. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and the vivacious Mrs. Fish are patrons of the beauty cure and hope later to paralyze society with their slimness. If they persevere in their present regimen they will fail of this good intention. Vaudeville balls and monkey dinners lack those refining elements which etherealize femininity, and the devotees of Newport summer find coarsened butlines the price of their originality. Carlabad has ceased to be an institution so far as concerns us. The mixed

safe. In Carlsbad there are habitues who court retirement for reasons obvious. long as their incognito was sacred just so long were they content to patronize the waters. Where people of many climes and customs gather 'tis best not to inquire of them too closely lest one step unwarily into .HOW "DICK" THOMPSON APPEARED thing that half the world takes pleasure in inventing and the other half in believing. In truth there was room for invention touching these Carlsbad invalids who felt a natural shrinking before the searchlight of curiosity. The decayed counts and the bedraggled duchesses hied themselves to other healing springs where publicity was less impertment. With their aristocratic departure we lost an American interest in the resort and turned to the discovery of something of equal merit, medicinally at least, that bubbles beneath our own flag. French Lick, Ind., is the reward of our search. The waters are of as fine effect as Carlsbad, the unsavory, and in another year or so of advertising we look to see the Hoosler State transformed into a conglomerate social center. The Hoosiers themselves are indifferent to their celebra-

INNING FOR THE PHEASANTS.

tion and would rather stave off than en-

courage the fashionable invasion. They

lack an appreciation, do these sturdy

Hoosiers, of our folly-ridden four hundred

So-Called "Sport" That Is, in Fact,

It is not often that the pheasants get an

Merely Butchery. Washington Post.

inning of vengeance. The deer in the Adirondacks and farther north, among the When they were answered back to the Maine forests, have numerous opportunities to laugh at their pursuers, for those hunting grounds are frequented by great metropolitan Nimrods who are quite as disappeared in a cloud of dust and mid a likely to shoot at each other as at anything else. The British pheasant, however, together with his American cousin, now appearing at imitation "country estates" on this side, very seldom gets a chance to gloat. He is fattened and tamed in well-kept preserves until he can't fly if he wants to, and then a lot of men and their destination and were in a d-1 of a women are invited to come and murder "I first met 'Dick' at the Brown House, him by wholesale. The murderers use guns because it is more sporty, but the humble brickbat or the unpretending bludgeon would be every bit as efficacious. Dr. three years to the study of Blackstone, Seward Webb, of New York, has just given a battue at his country place in a perfectly life-like representation of the ing the old Sixth district in Congress, took | real thing in dear old England. Two thousand pheasants were put to death. Everyfelt as proud as though he had attended a massacre in Yorkshire.

Despite the almost inspired care with which British keepers guard against accident, it occasionally happens that a particularly unmanageable duffer misses the we all exchanged smiles, greetings and rare. So it fell out in England, two or thus far miraculously cheated the lunatic asylum shot Mr. Almeric Paget, Hon. William C. Whitney's son-in-law, and destroyed one of his eyes. Of course, it was in order for Mr. Paget, in reply to his assailant's apologies-if he offered any-to say: "Don't mention it, dear old chap; have another!" But these elegant and high-bred amenities would not change the fact that even the British pheasant drive. after centuries of experience and practice in precaution, may sometimes prove harm-

The incident is interesting in this country, where Mr. Paget is well known, not only as having married Mr. Whitney's good fellow possessed of many attractive traits. It will suggest the inquiry whether all the pheasant drives in England put been exacted of this excellent young man. They are not sport in any proper sense of the term. They do not call for the display of any manly quality. One need not be a marksman, an athlete, or even a fourthslaughters of the helpless and to make a very creditable "bag." One has only to the position assigned him and wait until the "game" is driven down the barrels of his gun. The whole performance is cruel as it is effeminate. It is a mere vicious travesty of sport. And the worst of it is that when an accident does occur the fool goes scathless.

ORTHODOX AND HICKSITES.

Origin of This Division in the Society

Benjamin S. Baker, in Boston Transcript. hodox and Hicksites grew out of the one mportant attempt to discipline for doctrine. The trouble arose over the teachings of clias Hicks, of Long island, who held pracically the Unitarian ideas of the humanity of Jesus. He was an extremist, too, in his ideas of the sufficiency of the individual inspiration, holding that even the reading of the Bible must be left to the discretion of each person. While visiting a Philadelphia meeting, Hicks was taken to task for his neresy. The trouble spread, and Hicks's vised, but warned, not to take the case, mmediate party was swelled by many who | That decided him; it was not the unlimited esented the severity of the discipline. and two yearly meetings resulted. Each of these meetings, following the custom, sent out a letter to the other yearly meetings. These latter were bound to answer one letter or the other; and they had to recognize that meeting to which their answer was sent. So the split was self-propagat-The Hicksites number now about 70. Still another split, this time in New England Yearly Meeting, set off the Wilburites, a small body-500 out of 7,000-who left in protest against the organizing tendency in the society. Reunion of the Orthodox and Hicksite

than in substance, for the Hicksites, while calling Jesus a man, say that he is the vehicle of the complete incarnation of the Holy Spirit, whose final authority has been declared through Him. Obviously this dif- was yet wider extended fame and new busiference is a very thin bulkhead to withstand ness. Dick Thompson pund he was not original partisans of Hicks were not all also wasting his time. Inck disencumbered of his opinions; all shades of belief were in-cluded, from the semi-atheism of the fa- Indiana and handed it ever to Harvey D. cluded, from the semi-atheism of the famous Lucretia Mott to good stiff orthodoxy. Important practical results would follow such a union. Both branches have done much to provide schools for the society. The Hicksites maintain Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania; the Orthodox Haverford College, and many excellent secondary schools-the famous Penn Charter School of Philadelphia-are supported by both branches. Work for the Indians and negroes, work for the temperance cause and for universal peace has been done by each good deal of foreign missionary work. The differences are slight, and the demand for practical effectiveness is so great that Quaker unity is likely to take its place alongside the other varieties of Christian unity

riends is apparently soon to come.

doctrinal differences are more such in name

A Song.

coming stronger.

Ah! say "to-morrow" softly, lest thou wake Some sleeping sorrow! How knowest thou what drowsing fates attend That unborn morrow?

Ah, dream not dreams too splendid, lest They mock thy care; Ah. Hope, burn rot too brightly, lest thy torch Should light despair! -Arthur Ketchum, in the November Atlantic.



HE NEEDED IT. The Court-Prisoner at the bar, are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner-Guilty, your Honor, but en-The Court-Entitled to mercy? And on

FOR DEFENSE WITH CREDIT,

Recollections of Thompyon and Other Distinguished Men of that

"One bright morning in ectober-I think t was in 1855-I had not it gone over to my office and the streets were quiet, when suddenly the headlong pere of a hordrawing a vehicle, caused all of us was were lounging in the reading room of the Brown House, Terre Haut, Ind., to rush to the windows and the frent doors," said an old Washingtonian. "In the buggy were a man and woman, both coung and well dressed. The woman's features were concealed by a thick green feil. Her companion tossed her the rins, while he rushed into the office of the hotel. He projected several short, tharp inquiries. buggy and woman he west, and, lashing the horse with all his strength, they soon babel of barking dogs and in excited popu-

"The office clerk could cell us nothing, other than that the could came from Greencastle, Ind., that the were going to hurry. Hardly had this buch news been disseminated when the incident was repeated. Another furious gallopade; another panting, foaming horse harnessed to a buggy. The very same man, as anybody Vermont, and from all accounts it was would swear, accompanied this time not by the woman of the green veil, but by a man, a big man, about his own size. He repeated the programme, trushed into the office, asked his question, about the preceding party, rushed out again, and the man, standing up in the vehicle, lashed his poor horse in a stern chast of the travelers

town, just as they were about to cross the Wabash into Illinois. The spokesmen were brothers, twins, young, tealthy, wealthy and happy. They were in partnership. But here was a business more momentous. A woman was at the bottom of it. She had been under the "protection" for some time of one brother, and whether she became unable to discriminate between the twins, which was almost im possible for anybody to de. other made up to the brother, was never explained. Yet here was the fact that she had eloped with the second of the twins.

BROTHER KILLS BROTHER. "The meeting in the works was full of inmost unnatural murder with a deeper dye

"Soon the authorities were notified, and was a third arrival at the Brown House, this time with an audiesce of at least a thousand men, women and children. "The murderer had not yet got over the consideration of his wrongs. Of course, or surrendering himself he secured counsel. It had to be the best, and that was Colonel Dick Thompson-our firm of Thompson & Scott. How Dick Thorepson, almost a Methodist minister-he certainly had been occasionally a local pre-cher-could take such a case puzzled me a vhile. But we are all sinners, anyhow, and Dick did well to

act as intercessor for ever one transgressor of the law. "It was the effort of! Thompson's life The case was desperate for his client. populace and threats of ppes and hanging and shooting. Thompson was not only adfee; it was the scent of the battle near. It was the inspiration of a crowded courthouse and a crowded courtyard, which could not hold his auditors. It was the presence of the brightest minds, the ablest competitors for distinction on the same field or track which fired his ambition. "Judge Law and associate judges occupied the bench. The prosecution asked for assistant counsel, who were named-Griswold, Isher, Hendricks and Waliam K. Edwards. Harvey Scott rapidly prepared the case and Dick Thompson sail in to win. Tom Corwin, the unequaled, he unsurpassable, and Schuyler Colfax were among the immense crowd of spectators. These were emplimented with seats with the judges. Dick Thompson clinched vocate, orator and criminal lawyer. He cleared his client. The trwn burst into ac-Thompson, and the result to the law firm

Scott, a worthy successed

A WELL-REMEMPERED MAN. "Charley Cruft was, Ike myself, only a limb of the law, along with Newton Booth and Charley Dewey, when I left Indiana to reside since in Washington. Thompson came to Washington at secretary of the navy in Hayes's Cabinel, and he told me at the Ebbitt House befere he assumed his branch, while the Orthodox have done a Cabinet duties that Chafley Cruft, the obscure clientess's attorney raised a company when the civil war brokefout and performed countless daring deeds and had rapidly and successively risen to the rank of maand co-operation that are everywhere be- jor general. Major General Cruft; I could scarcely believe it. No ody dreamed that it was in him. But it's hard to calculate possibilities. Newton Pooth, with the appearance and timidity & a young girl became a great Governor and United States senator from California Thompson emigrated from Virginia; Footh from Indiana. Cruft found fame on the sacred soil and in the South generally. I, like the bad penny, returned home ayain. Dick Thompson introduced me to from Corwin, and I have never known or loved a more delightful, magnetic soul, a more brilliant and altogether captivating personality. I heard him tell his funny stories many a time, as I heard Lincoln's from his own lips afterward. I saw .Tom Co, win give his seat to another member to preside over the House of Penrecontatives and, stenping down from the dais, with sometimes his white, sometimes color a pocket nanukerchief in hand, proceed to address the chair.
"There was a rush. The House surrounded him. The members swarmed like bees and all the banging of the substitute speaker's gavel could not check them. "This was always the way when Tom Corwin spoke in the House. You couldn't see him for the crowd closing around him. but you could hear a pin drop. He was a

To Vote by Music.

born actor; not only a comedian, but a mas-

ter, too, of pathos, even tragedy. The se-cret of Tom Corwin's greatness was his

manifest sterling good ess, the sweetness and purity and innoc at honesty of his

New York Commercial Advertiser In France, as in this country, there is & large number of voters that never go near the polls, greatly to the disgust of the different parties. All kinds of schemes have been suggested, from coercion down, and none of them has proved itself prac-ticable. A genius has now arisen who thinks that harmony, seavenly maid, may succeed where all else failed. He would make voting an attractive pastime and to this end has invented a musical ballot box This instrument plays popular tunes at intervals while the poels are opened and the belief of the inversor is that the citizens will be so enchar ed by the melonies that they will be only too eager to vote Moreover, it records rotes automatically and musically. When the hundredth ballot is dropped in it will play a certain tune. The two hundredth will bring forth another melody and so on. This machine should attract the attention of local dis ook at de lawyer tions. It has great sivantages over the duil ordinary methods for balloting.